Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well Mistris, your choise agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whither I dislike or no.
Well, I doe commend her choyse, and will no longer
Have it be delayed: soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortunes to the good *Simonides.*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night:
I doe protest, my eares were never better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
King. Sir, you are Musickes Master.
Per. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord)
King. Let me aske you one thing;
What doe you thinke of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most vertuous Princesse.
King. And shee's faire too, is she not?
Per. As a faire day in Summer, wondrous faire.
King. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Master,
And shee will be your Scholler, therefore looke to it.
Per. I am unworthy to be her Schoole-master.
King. She thinkes not so; peruse this writing else.
Pe. What's heere a letter, that she loves the Knight of *Tyre*
'Tis the Kings subtilty to have my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aimed so hie, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
King. thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.
Per. By the gods have not; never did thought

Of my levy offence; nor nev
Yet commence, a deed mig
Or your displeasure.
King. Traitor, thou lyest.
Per. Traitor?
King. I, traitor.
Per. Even in his throate,
That cals me traitor, I return
King. Now by the gods I d
Per. My actions are as nob
That never relisht of a base d
I came unto your Court for h
And not to be a Rebell to her
And he that otherwise accoun
This sword shall proove, hee
King. No? here comes my

Enter

Per. Then as you are as vert
Resolve your angry father, if
Did ere solicite, or my hand s
To any sillable that made love
Thai. Why sir, if you had, w
At that would make me glad
King. Yea Mistris, are you s
I am glad of it with all my hea
Ile tame you, Ile bring you in
Will you, not having my con
Bestow your love and your af
Vpon a stranger? who for oug
May be (nor can I thinke the
As great in bloud as I my selfe.
Therefore heare you mistresse,
Your will to mine; and you sir,
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile ma
Man and wife; nay, come you
And lips must seale it too: and

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